

## THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possessions and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he seems to be a wanderer.

—Condition for a Good Life.  
Then stay at home, my heart, and rest.  
The bird is safest in the nest;  
O'er all that flutter, their wings and feet,  
A hawk is hovering in the sky."  
—Longfellow.

## OUR HOME FOLKS.

A Mother's Easter Greeting.  
I send thee Easter greetings,  
My darling child, in these  
Fresh, sweet flowers may you  
Ever find the type of what  
A mother's love would have for you  
Life to be. Keep your journeying  
True, and womanhood will be  
The perfect fruit that God's air  
Sunshine and gentle shower  
Must always bring.

Our lives have  
Been so closely woven, dearest,  
That half my own seems gone  
When you are just a little while away;  
So may too late I find you missing  
Find us hand-in-hand again,  
And with the Easter greeting,  
The Lord is risen.  
The coming time reply,  
"The Lord is risen, indeed."  
Instead of flowers, bring me  
Letter, and know for us  
The cross was not in vain.  
H. K. L.

## A Conscientious Cat.

(Apnea A. Sasham, in T. Nicholas for April.)  
It was one of the hydraulic mines that the fugitive cat had found; and as after several visits she lay watching their operations, she seemed to reason it all out in her own mind that as soon as the great dirt-bank opposite her showed signs of giving way under the action of the water forced against it, the men would run for shelter to the shanty near by, to which, of course, she too would scamper to escape to falling earth. So, reasoned pussy, if the kind friends of mine are always in danger from these tumbling-down banks, why not in return for their kindness, which the dirt banks give them proper warning?

Now, as you all know, there is nothing a cat dislikes so much as water; just watch your kitty shaker paw daintily when she steps into a puddle, and see how disgusted she is if a drop of water falls on her nose or back. But this Sierra Nevada pussy was a most conscientious cat. She felt that it was her duty to make some provision for her friends, and so, after thinking it all over, she took her place right on top of the nozzle of the "monitor" (as the iron pipe through which the water is forced is called), and here, in spite of occasional and most unwelcome shower-baths, she would watch for the first movement of the tumbling bank, when away she would go in a flash with all the miners at her heels until they all reached the shelter of the hut. Faithfully did she perform her self-imposed task, in a little while, the men gave up their precaution of keeping one eye on the dangerous slide and waited for puss to give the signal. As soon as they saw her spring from the comfortable bed which the miners had made for her on the "monitor" they would all cry, "The cat; the cat!" and start off on a run for the shanty. And it was just such a moment that I came to mine and encountered this most conscientious cat leading her friends to safety.

## Candy and Marriage.

A few months ago a city society, which has for its special object the protection of children, interfered in the case of a little Italian girl, who was being forced by her father to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. The unwilling bride was full of gratitude and joy at her escape. A week later she presented herself to the Secretary of the society and announced that she had married Angelo the day before. She was extremely in love with Angelo.

"If he did manage to win your love in six days," asked the Secretary.  
"I gave every evening to see me and bring candy. Oh, such excellent candy!"  
"I guess you are, even in an orphanage," said the Secretary. But how many young women and men fall in love for candy in a shape or another? The foremost world of her day in the intellectual world of America married another Angelo, whom her friends discovered to be a half-witted fellow, only because he followed her without the admiring loyalty of a dog.

Young people are especially apt to over-estimate glances or words from the other sex. A young man fancied himself in love with a girl of whose habits, house life, character he knew absolutely nothing, and she, who was a flatterer, paid attention to his remarks at a picnic or in a ball-room. Young girls are still more apt to "give up their hearts," as they call it, for such cheap love. A girl knows that her natural lot as a woman is to be wooed and to marry. She goes out into the world secretly anxious, excited, expectant. The first man who casts an admiring glance at her pink cheeks or blue eyes is but too likely to create a passionate devotion in her mind, which she imagines to be love. An engagement follows, a marriage, and too often—life-long misery.

Take care, girls and boys! Thrills of gratified vanity are no doubt as delicious as Angelo's candy, but they are just as worthless. They are the genuine love which outlasts poverty, pain and death. Do not pay for them with the happiness of your future life.

## Gave Herself.

This story comes from Stockport, England. It is the story of a real heroine, though it is such a tale as the world has forgotten. It was midnight when a fire broke out in one of those tiny wooden houses which seem built to be burned. A sudden cry arose, "The house is on fire! No time to lose! Fight—fight for yourselves!" And then the poor frightened inmates of the house struggled up, with the smoke already choking them, caught whatever was nearest to hand, and hurried out. One half-clad creature was frantically clutching a flat-iron, and another was tending, as if it were a baby, a man's half-worn boot.

Suddenly a girl came among them, whose presence of mind had not quite failed her. She had hurried into her clothes and had taken a thick shawl on her arm. She came quietly into the frightened group, lit up by the intense glow from the burning house, and ran her eye over them all.  
"Anna Lotius," a voice cried, "here's your mother!"  
Anna turned her eyes that way. Beautiful dark eyes they were; and she was a girl whom it was the fashion among her neighbors to call the bonniest lass in Stockport. She looked rarely handsome now, with her flushed cheeks and parted lips, and those eager, searching eyes.

"Mother!" she cried. "Where be little Molly?"  
The mother turned white, as if death had struck her.  
"Molly!" she gasped. "It was that frightened, I clean forgot her. She's in the bed." In the bed upstairs. And the smoke was pouring from every window! Anna Lotius put on the shawl she held, drew the end of it over her mouth, and started into the burning house.

"Come back, piti!" the neighbors cried. "Come back, lass! It's no use to try now!"

"Come back, Ann!" her mother shrieked. "Don't let me lose both my lasses!"  
Anna heeded nothing, heard nothing. She

had one thought only. Molly should be saved at no matter what cost. She pressed on through the fire and smoke that seemed to build a fiery wall against her footsteps, on up the stairs. Little Molly lay there sleeping. From that bed, so near her bed of death, her sister snatched her, wrapped the shawl around her, and plunged with her down the stairs.

Again smoke and fire opposed her. They would not thus be robbed of their prey; but her strong will was mightier than they. She burst through them and laid her burden in her mother's arms, and then fainted.

Meantime the flames had marked her for their own. One of her dark eyes was blinded forever. The face that had been so fair was seamed and scarred past all recognition; and thus will she go to her grave, a maimed, disfigured woman, no longer saved to those few who know in what straits her honorable scars were gained. But by those few Ann Lotius will always be honored as we honor those who, forgetting themselves, know how to sacrifice for others.

## Bird-Talk.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?"  
"I bring, I bring, I bring,"  
"As you come back with tired wing  
Adown the airy way."  
"So high above the trees I flew,  
High, as a sparrow, high;  
I saw a little rift of blue,  
A lovely glimpse of sky."  
"And is it true that storm will cease?"  
"True, gossip, true!"  
"O yes, the winds will be at peace,  
The sun will shine on you!"  
"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,  
Call, go-sips, call;  
Fast comes the happy spring this way,  
Brave go-sips all!"  
—Celia Thaxter.

## A Sketching Tour.

(Ella Guernsey in Golden Rule.)  
Sunset, lowering clouds, denoting both rain and wind, and no shelter near, save a frail, rudely constructed "Territory" house, around which a number of round-eyed, copper-browed children, and a baker's dozen of dogs, swarmed.

In this plight an artist friend and myself find ourselves, after a day's travelling in the Cherokee reservation. Enthusiastic over this "dainty bit," and the "picturesque spot," I permitted Marie to lead the way and sketch the "mountain" clusters of forest trees and gorgeous colored flora, forgetting the flight of time, and scarcity of houses in this "wild" part of the Indian Territory.

Two lone and lorn females, with no experience as campers out, and the knowledge that in the timber wolves lurked, this poor house was anxiously sought for by Marie and myself, when five miles away.

Cordially we were bidden to "come right in," by Mr. and Mrs. Moselet, full blood Indians, speaking good English, and wearing ordinary dresses, but very little of it. Mr. Moselet related the two ponies, and the tough little beasts contentedly grazed, not minding the drizzling rain and the howling "norther," that suddenly "blew up" even in October. Peaceful and perfect mornings are often followed by cold and dreary afternoons.

Mrs. Moselet's kitchen and parlor in one is not uncombined with furniture. She mixes the corn cake of meal, salt, and water, in the water-pail; then washes the dishes in it, next stews a chicken in it. Once it was a bright, shining tin. It also does duty as a coffee boiler.

Mr. Moselet has fertile land. He knows it is good, that it is fertile; but why should he spend his life in drudgery? A "patron" of corn, a vegetable garden and melon patch, tended by the women and children are all well enough. Coal, good water and timber, he has plenty. Truly, his home is in a goodly land.

Corn cake, chicken, and coffee is served on the pine box that is washstand, dining-table, and useful in manifold ways. With the dogs, children, and a family of sleek cats, and ever so many fowls perched familiarly about, we quitted the house. The supper is abundant, and we have crackers and fruit with us, that are very nice eaten surreptitiously.

Our couches of dried prairie grass are soft, and the night is chilly, the rain finds its way through the cracks in this board wall. Marie chivers as she whispers consolingly, "A poor shelter, but it beats none, ma chere."

The shrill bark of the dogs do not disturb the numbers of Mr. and Mrs. Moselet, but at the first sound of a sharper, shriller bark—as if a number of terriers had combined and conspired against our peace or mind—Mrs. Moselet is aroused, and shrilly crying, "Wotter, wotter at de pig!" our host seizes his shot gun, and rushed to the rescue of the porkers.

Peace reigns for a time until the hen-roost is invaded, and Mr. Moselet grumbles, "Skunk at de chickens," and the gun is again brought into use.

All night the wolves howl and howl, and between their bark and howl, we find sleep impossible, and thankfully greet the first faint light of dawn.

Mrs. Moselet opens a package of nicely browned coffee, pours a quantity of the berries in a "pail" pounds it vigorously with a wooden mallet, pours cold water upon it and sets it over the coals to steep. Chicken again for breakfast; and the victim, a green and orange plumed chauticleer, is seized as he sits upon the table, and in short order he stammers in the "pot." Corn cake and molasses, no butter or milk, and plenty of molasses to serve us.

The children, shy little things, do not come near us, nor do our host and hostess prove communicative, and they unhesitatingly exact "pay" for their hospitality.

The chill, stormy morning drives the dogs, cats and fowls into the house, and we anxiously watch the clouds, hoping to catch a gleam of sunshine, and long ardently for gossamers and rubbers. At noon the clouds break away, we mount our Bronchos and handfully ride away. Marie does not pass unharmed by the tall, plummy grasses, brightened and refreshed by the rain, no sign of the coming winter, with its bare, desolate branches, dead leaves and dreary expanse of brown prairie.

At Vinita, we find an Indian town, good schools, and many comforts which were duly appreciated by us, whose curiosity was satisfied; we no longer thought the care-free life of the red children of the forest so romantic as we had pictured.

Deeper into the timber we penetrated, and made the acquaintance of gayly dressed natives, resplendent in buckskin leggings, silver fringe and tassels and scarlet blankets, living in tents.

Mrs. Moselet's search after the beautiful, wild and primitive led into disagreeable adventures oftentimes, but like other souls fired with artistic desires, discretion and prudence are dumb to the winds.

Beautiful indeed is the "Nation," and bluer, softer skies never shone upon a more goodly land, a real delight to the lover of nature in her wild, natural loveliness.

## April Fool.

(Margaret Fyrlings, in Young People.)

There was one boy in the Merritt Academy who never joined in any of the games; never went skating; never went swimming; never made a snow-man, or threw snow-balls; never came to the meetings of the debating society—where such questions as, "Is a fellow as follows for a bite of a fellow's apple, which is the politer way to give it to a fellow, to bite off a piece yourself, or let

the fellow bite for himself?" were debated with much mock gravity and real fun.

He looked with horror on all kinds of fighting; had no admiration for great generals; thought war should be abolished; was very fair haired, very blue-eyed, tall, slender and named Harold Lord.

But after the first week of his attendance at school his real name was never heard, for his schoolmates skillfully turned it to "Lucky Harriet."

The other boys rather looked down upon him, and, after the manner of boys make him the subject of much chaff and many practical jokes; and so it came about when Charley Bennett and Ned Morningstar and Ben Rowe began on the afternoon of the 31st of March to talk about the 1st of April, they hit upon Lucky Harriet as a boy who would make a capital "April fool."

"We can have no end of fun with him," said Charley. "You know he lives all alone with his grandmother."

"A Little Red Riding-hood," interrupted Ben Rowe.

"Down by the cedar woods," continued Bennett. "But the question now in order is, what kind of fun shall it be?"

"Dress up like Indians, and pretend you're going to scalp him," proposed little Al Smith, who had joined the party—a thing no other small boy in that establishment would have dared to do; but then Alfred, as his aunt called him, and a very cruel old aunt she was, too—had no father nor mother, and was such a good-natured, willing, reliable young chap that his older school-mates made quite a pet of him, and allowed him many liberties they would have allowed to no one else in his class.

"Nonsense, Smithy," said Ben Rowe. "Ghosts is the thing," and striking an attitude, he quoted:

"I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires—  
Till I can find out where thy mother's hid;  
Thou'lt harrow up thy soul; free—free thy young  
blood."

"That's quite enough of that, Rowe," said Bennett. "A band of young desperadoes is my idea. The papers are full of 'em just now—fellows living in caves and other queer places, and robbing right and left (read of reading too many dime novels; heard the Professor say so this morning). Ben round here too; stole Uncle Jeff's calf day before yesterday; and his grandmother goes to sewing society to-morrow night."

"The calf's grandmother?" asked Ben Rowe.

"Didn't know you had any grandmother," said Bennett.

"Charley's bit on the very thing," declared Ned Morningstar. "We'll let three or four other fellows into the joke, and I'll be captain, and we'll wear masks, and all the old clothes we can beg, borrow, or take, and get ourselves up prime as a No. 1 band of regular young villains. Aba! your money or your life!" making a lunge at small Al.

"But you won't really hurt Lady Harriet?" said the little fellow, an anxious look coming into his soft brown eyes. "He's good to me and gives me candy, and took me fishing in 'em."

"Took you fishing!" repeated Charley Bennett, countering the greatest astonishment. "If he did, I'd bet he never let you catch a fish. He'd a fainted when he saw it wriggling on the hook."

"He did too," answered Al, stoutly. "I caught four and six crabs, and he got eight," adding, frankly, that he didn't like to catch them only his grandmother said he must.

"Very reprehensible old lady," said Ben Rowe, gravely. "To allow her readiness to tamper on the softest feelings of her grandchild's head—I mean heart. 'But don't be afraid, small ones'—sneaking Al's dark curls—'we won't hurt him, not a bit, make your mind easy about that. He shall live to take you fishing again.'"

"It does him good to wake him up once in awhile," added Ned Morningstar, "he's such a turtle. I think I see his face when we all about 'April fool'."

At dusk the next evening, after Grandmother Lord had gone to the sewing society, six or seven dreadful looking objects came splashing through the mud up the road which led to her cottage. They were dressed in uncouth garments of all sorts and colors. Hats brimless, or with brims very much turned up or very much turned down, two flaming red turbans and a handless basket, through the open workwork of which the hair of the wearer straggled in the most untidy and perspiring manner, constituted their head gear. The leader carried a gun. The others were armed with hatchets, knives and clubs. All their faces were hidden by paper masks painted in various colors. "This is the house," said one of them, in a voice that seemed to come out of the ground beneath his feet, as they ranged themselves on the front porch, and he rapped sharply on the door with the stick he carried. It opened, and there stood Lady Harriet, gazing out with horror-stricken eyes upon the motley gang. "Your money or your life!" demanded he of the gun, and at the same time pointing the weapon at the trembling boy.

Lady Harriet turned pale and ahrank back. "I have no money," he said, in a faltering voice.

"Then we must have your life," was the snuff reply, "unless you consent to become one of us. Seize him and search him!"

"Do go away and leave me alone," implored the boy, falling upon his knees and clasping his hands. "There is no use making me—join your gang," he continued, with chattering teeth. "I couldn't be a—a—what—what you are—to save my life."

But the young desperadoes paid no attention to his entreaties, and while two of their number held his pockets, the others, lighting a couple of lanterns they had brought with them, followed their leader on a tramp through the house, with much noise and deep growling. On the return of the latter the pocket searchers presented the captain with half a stick of peppermint candy, a penknife, a dime, a small box ("The Language of Flowers") and some violets wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Prisoner," said the captain sternly—that is, as sternly as the pebble he had under his tongue would allow—"If you make an attempt to escape, the consequences be on your own head. Right about face! March!"

And away the went, dragging poor Lady Harriet, seething and imploring to be set free, with them.

"Did you ever see any fellow so scared in all your life?" whispered Charley Bennett to Ben Rowe, as their victim began to cry and scream.

"Never," said Rowe. "I begin to feel sorry for him. But what a baby he is! Why don't he break and run? He can make good time with those long legs when he's a mind to."

"Hall!" cried the captain when they reached the cedar woods. "This has gone quite far enough. We want no cowards among us. Boy, you are—And the mouths of his followers simultaneously opened for a tremendous shout, when—

"I perfectly agree with you," interrupted the prisoner, quickly, wrestling himself at the same time with a dexterous movement from the grasp of the two boys that had held him; and then he went on in his usual, soft voice and slow way: "I mean this joke's gone quite far enough. I think we've all acted our parts first rate. Good evening, Captain Morningstar. Good evening, desperadoes. Farewell, April fools." And he turned and walked leisurely toward his home again.

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Ned Morningstar,

snatching off his mask and pulling a long face. "Somebody has—"

"Blundered," said Ben Rowe. "Fools to the right of me, fools to the left of me, fools every side of me—Oh, how they wonder!"

But what's the use of being glum about it, I've an idea it serves us right. Three cheers for Lady Harriet. He's not such a fool as he looks!"

"As we look, I think," said Ben Wheeler. And then, like the jolly boys they really were, they gave the cheers with a will, and followed them up with a roar of laughter that awakened all the echoes for miles around.

## Secret Thoughts.

I hold it true that thoughts are things Endowed with being, breath and wings; And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought Speaks to the earth's remotest spot, And leaves its blessings or its woes Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law; remember it In your still chamber as you sit, And though you would not dare have known, And yet make comrades which alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly And leave their impress here and by, Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And, after you have quite forgot Or all outgrown some vanished thought, Back to your mind to make its home, A dove of raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair: They have a vital part to share In shaping worlds and moulding fate—God's system is so intricate! —Ella Wheeler Wilcox

## CURIOUS, USEFUL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Invalids are now fed on baked milk. The milk is placed in a jar, covered with paper on top, and baked ten hours in the oven.

A large amount of oil exists in the stormy petrel, and when fat, according to the Branch, the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands use it as a lamp, obtaining their light from a wick drawn through the bird's body.

Some teachers of penmanship now teach their pupils to write with both hands. One method of instruction is to make the pupil write with the right hand, and then to cover it with a pen held in his left hand. Constant practice gives proficiency.

Persons addicted to the habit of sticking their tongues out while working should take warning from the experience of an Allegheny man, who, while chopping wood a few days ago, was struck on the chin with a saw blade as a fragment as to almost completely sever his origin of speech.

The very remarkable statement is made in the Medical Times that Dr. Fleisch, of Vienna, has discovered that hydrochloric acid, administered hypodermically in doses of from one twelfth to one fourth of a grain, will cure morphine, alcoholism and similar habits within ten days.

A writer in the Atlantic for March, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent bird can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if to despair, will poison them, giving them the terry of the black ash.

M. Cailliet, a French chemist, has found a new substance by which oxygen gas can be liquefied. This material is formless, odorless, and which, when pressure and cold in ethylene—it boils under the ordinary atmospheric pressure—is resolved into an extremely mobile, colorless liquid, which in passing again into the gaseous state, causes such a lowering of temperature that oxygen in its neighborhood is at once liquefied.

Some years ago travellers in Dalmatia noticed large trees of land covered by a wild flower near which not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was the pyrethrum, whose odor deals death in the younger forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powder." The seed of this flower was distributed in the United States, and a Dalmatian has been growing it with great success in Stockton, California.

In the office of the Portland Water Company is a part of a broken ironstone china plate that had happened to fall directly over a joint in a water pipe when thrown into the trench among the dirt. The water escaping from a small leak under strong pressure set some grains of sand to rotating and wore three holes through the plate and also cut a hole in the brass union, which finally became so large that the water burst up through the street and the leak was discovered.

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Aets directly on the scalp and on the roots of the hair. It prevents falling of the hair, dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, restores gray hair to its original color, and where the glands are not decayed, will cause new hair to grow on bald heads.

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